And right a bove a pair of hearts a pair of hearts which Billy meant for "Cupid's darts."

DEEP GOTL: IVE LOVED YOU AWFULL HAR THO' FORE THIS DERE IVE MADE NO SINE BUT NOW YOU'LL SEE BY THIS SMALL CATD IAM your OWIL INCH, VOIENTINE

Ah, bow I laughed until I cried O'er Billy's sentimental screed; Tho' well I knew the loyal pride That lay behind its ill-spelled creed.

Had he not battled for me well. When once a spiteful boy had said [He missed and I the word did spell] My golden locks were "flery red?"

And had he not—true-hearted boy— Saved up his pence to buy a treat, And then with quaint, transparent joy, Laid down the treasure at my feet? "Tis true I scorned his snubby" nose, His freckles and his warty hands; His odd, old-fashioned, home-made clothe, His service mien at my commands.

And with a girl's strange wayward whim Behind my checkered pinafore, I joined in making sport of him, Because myself he did adore.

Poor Billy! years have come and gone Since last I gazed into your eyes, And saw, like some poor wounded fawn, Your look of anguish and surprise.

And I have roamed 'mid scenes afar, Have quaffed life's cup unto the lees; And on my heart is many a scar Of woundings made by hate's decrees.

And oft I wonder, after all, If with that little blotted line That lies beneath time's somber pall,
I did not lose "My Valentine."

—Rosa Pearle, in Chicago Tribune.

THE HIGH-TOP SWEETING TREE A Valentine Story HEY all cried-everyone of the Lells, from Peggy,

everyone of the Bells, from Peggy, who was 16, down to Rufus (who was six, and despised a six, and despised a how she was going to do without it in crybaby), when old Mr. Pigeon moved away.

was such a tried and trusty friend, and, if he was 60, such a congenial companion. He was always ready to go fishing or coasting with the toys, or to take the girls to drive; although he was a bachelor and lived alone, and had a double carriage and the largest sleigh on Pippin IIIII-because he had so large a heart, Peggy said. He knew as much about the wild things in the woods Hunter's Own Boo and on a rainy day or when one had the mumps or the measles he would tell stories by the dozen-stories that were worth telling, too, for he had been " 'round the world and home again," and knew all there was to know about cannibals and buccaneers and wild men, and all such distinguished and interesting people.

It happened that the only houses or the tip-top of Pippin Hill were the Bel-fry (I suppose the Bells' house may have received that name because Papa Bell always spoke of his children as his "small fry;" anyway, that is what everyone in Bloomsboro' called it) and the old Pigeon house, which had belonged to this Mr. Pigeon's grandfather. The houses backed up to each other, and there was a mutual backyard fence, so, of course, it was very desirable that the neighbors should be friendly and congenial; more than this, there was a mutual apple tree. The gnarled old "high-top sweeting" was directly on the boundary line between the two estates, and the mutual fence had been cut in two to make space for it. Its branches were low and spreading, in spite of its high top, and they spread very impartially over the Bells' smooth lawn and over Mr. Pigeon's orchard, and dropped their delicious fruit—early, the first sweet apples that there werealmost as evenly as if it were measured on each of their owners' land. The only difference was that the August sunshine lay longer upon Mr. Pigeon's side, so the first red and yellow, mellow and juicy apples dropped upon his or-chard grass—and he tossed them up to Christine in her seat in the low crotch of the tree, the seat that he had

It was Christine who thought the most of Mr. Pigeon and he of her, because they both had a twist, Christine said. She would always speak of her trouble cheerfully, even jokingly. You would scarcely have thought that she minded it at all; it was a spinal weakness which had bowed her shoulders and twisted her head to one side. The others didn't mind much when Christine was left out of things; they were a rough, merry set, but Mr. Pigeon had always remembered her. twist was in one of his legs; he had to wear an uncomfortable iron boot, and walked with a queer, sideways mo-

When Becky, who was 11 and was called the Bloomsboro' Budget, because she carried all the news, came home with the dreadful intelligence that Mr.

Pigeon was going to move away, no one would believe it.

"In the first blace, it's too dreadful to be true, and in the next place he

have told us," said Peggy. But it really proved to be true. Mr. their own Pippin Hill woods, and she Pigeon's sister—his own sister!—had had sent two beauties to Miss Pigeon, gone to law to obtain a share of her who had promptly returned them with failed to bequeath to her because she rubbish littering up her house. Now had gone contrary to his wishes in when they heard that sad news from Mr. had gone contrary to his wishes in some way, and the only share that she would have was that oid estate on Pippin Hill. Perhaps the law might orce her to take something else as her valentines were more beautiful than any that could be bought in the should give it up to ber. That the all thought.

was what Mr. Pigeon said in answer to the indignant remonstrances of the Bells. She was Hitty; that was all he would say; perhaps it wasn't much of a reason, but the Bells understood, We all know what it is to give up things to people just because they are Iky or Polly or John.

So it happened that the Bells' dear Mr. Pigeon went away to a little house that he owned down at Pequanket Mills and Miss Mehitable Pigeon came to live at the old place on Pippin Hill and owned half of the high-top sweeting tree.

And the very first thing she didit was September when she came-was to threaten to have Tommy Bell arrested, because when he shook their the day of small things, side of the tree her side shook too, and Christine was more m she said the top of the tree leaned toward their side and more apples fell there, so when the apples were picked

had not feared he would be tough. She complained that Becky's peacock squawked and Dicky's guinea pigs squeaked, and the vane on their stable had "a rusty squeak" that kept her and "shooed" him off as if he were a

Christine, who was inclined to look on he bright side and to think well of every one, said that she would probably grow better when they got better acquainted, it, the ink faded by time: and she gave Tommy and little Rufus five cents each not to use their bean slingers over the fence or make faces through the knothole.

But instead of growing better their new neighbor grew worse. She had the nutual fence built up ten feet high, she had the branches of the sweeting tree opped off where they interfered with the fence, and Christine's seat thrown down to the ground so roughly that it was broken. She said she had let people impose upon her all her life, and she rasn't going to any more.

Papa Bell, who was an easy man and absorbed in his business, said he supposed that so many children and squeakng things did make them troublesome neighbors; but he thought they should have to remonstrate with Miss Pigeon about the fence, because it took away so much of their sunshine. Christine begged im to wait; she always would believe that people were going to be better, and she knew there must be something good about Miss Pigeon because she looked like her brother-"only the twist seemed to be in her mind, poor thing!" It was November when Christine's seat was thrown out of the tree, so she could not have used it any more that sea-

The fashion of sending valentines comfort in a sad heart; for nobody has

yet begun to understand how great is Christine was more mysterious than usual this year about her valentines; stey," she said. "It is he that belongs she colored when l'eggy said she would here and not I. If you're born with a better send one to Miss Pigeon, but they and divided she must have an extra never thought she would; they though bushel. She threatened to have their she was only sensitive about her Christyellow kitten drowned because he mas wreath. When Mr. Pigeon went tween you and other people! I'm going scampered after the flying leaves in her away he gave Christine an old desk that garden, and, she did have their cross he had had ever since he was a boy. It yes, I can, though you wouldn't think it; gobbler killed because it run after her had initials and hearts and anchors cut and they like me! There's a doctor I had initials and hearts and anchors cut red morning gown, as a gobbler will, into it and was whittled at every cor-know who has invented a new con-you know, and gobbled at her. He ner; you would have known if you'd trivance for—formaking backsstraight"

—her voice really broke now, but she replucked and dressed, with the message to a boy. But Christine would have it that she should have eaten him if she in her own room; she thought it was beautiful. It had his boy-letters and diaries in it, and she had laughed and found in that old desk material for the very queerest valentine she had ever made; and although she liked to share awake nights; and if one of the little the fun of making her valentines with Bells mounted the fence she came out the others, she was a little secretive about that.

What should the paper be but a least from one of the old diaries, one side all written over in an unformed, boyish hand; and this is what was written on

"I cant bare to rite becos hity has the Fever and I cant bare knot to rite becos it semes like teling somboddy, she held mi hand tite when she did knot now enyboddy last nite and i did knot let them send me to bed the fellers say if she does di i hav other sisters but they are knot hity the fellers do knot understand wen hity the fellers do knot understand wen enybody sais she will evver hav a bo like our agusta hity sais the Tom Tinker verse and that meens me as is rote on the 1st leef of this Diry mi name is Thomas Tinkham Pigeon hity has gott a Temper but so hav a Good Meny People and she is Good way inside and she is hity and she and i will alwys liv together but i cant bare to rite eny more for I want to now what the locker sais, they say a feller must be a dokter sais. they say a feller must be A Man but wen it is hity I cant bare—" Here the words became illegible on

the old yellow paper; there were blots and smudges as of tears. Though valentimes are supposed to be dainty, Christine didn't try to clean it a bit! And on the unwritten side, instead of painting any of her pretty flowers or drawing hearts or cupids, she only wrote "the Tom Tinker verse" which Hitty had levingly quoted to her brother: 'Tom Tinker's my true love, and I am his

dear,
I'll gang along wi' him his budget to
bear."

It certainly was a very queer valen tire. Christine thought it would probably be returned, even more scornfully sonanyway; and when anyone asked her than the Christmas wreath-if Miss Pigeon should guess who sent it-and



"SHE DIDN'T TAP ME WITH A WAND, SHE SENT ME A VALENTINE."

the spring, she always answered: "Per- | she would be likely to guess that it haps Miss Hitty will be good by that came from the Belfry; for she knew that time." But that transformation didn't her brother had given them many of seem in the least likely to anyone else. his belongings. She never forgot that Mr. Pigeon had said she was Hitty, though how she could ever be Hitty to anybody was more than the other young Bells could under-

Christine would bow to her, too, and smile, shyly, although Miss Pigeon only scowled dreadfully in response. Far more difficult to forgive than their own wrongs was the injury she had inflicted upon her brother. He wrote to them doleful letters which showed plainly how homesick he was for the good air and the goodfellowship of Pippin Hill. One of the neighbors who saw him at Pequanket said one would hardly know

him—he had "pined away" so.
After that little Rufus (honorably) returned the five cents to Christine, because he knew he should yield to the temptation to make faces through the knothole again.

Christine turned a little pale when she heard this about Mr. Pigeon, and she put on her thinking cap. She couldn't go to school like the others, she couldn't go skating; in fact, there were so many things she couldn't do that it would have been very discouraging to one who believes less firmly than Christine did that things as well as people were going to be better; but that gave her all the more time to wear her thinking cap. And Christine's thoughts were pretty

apt to blossom into deeds some way. Christine had made the Christmas reaths of evergreen and holly from their own Pippin Hill woods, and she randfather's estate, which he had the message that she didn't want such

She sent it with fear and trembling. and she told none of the others, for the fus, that the only form of approach to Miss Pigeon was bean-slinger in hand.

The valentine wasn't returned; but nothing seemed to come of it. The Bells' Jane heard from Miss Pigeon's Jane that her mistress had neuralgia. One day after March had come, and a bluebird had been seen to alight upon the high-top sweeting tree, as Christine came along the garden path there come a shrill, imperative voice through the

knothole in the fence. "If you have any more of those leaves, stuff them through the knothole; if you have the whole diary throw it over the fence.'

Of course Christine wasn't going to do that with the diary that seemed so precious; but she did send it around to Miss Pigeon's door by old Jeremy, the gardener, for none of the boys would

It was about a week after that a man made, under Miss Pigeon's direction, a new seat in the crotch of the apple tree -a seat that was delightfully comfortable for a back that wasn't straight Miss Pigeon seemed to know just how When it was finished she went up and examined it and tried it. Then she called to Christine, who was sitting on

the porch.
"I'm a cantankerous old woman. was born cantankerous," she said. "But there's your seat!"

No one at the Belfry knew what to think of Miss Pigeon; it was little Ru-fus' opinion that a good fairy had tapped her with her wand and turned her into something else, and he was much disappointed to find, on peeping through the knothole, that she looked just the same, ...
"It's delightful," Christine said, slow

"But it isn't exactly what I meant the valentine," she added, to her-

might wane elsewhere, but it always had meant by the valentine really did cried over them. And now she had happen! Sometimes things that seem flourished in Bloomsbora, perhaps be-cause Christine Bell kept it up. She this world. Miss Pigeon mounted the sent them to the very last people who high buggy in which she drove herself expected to have a valentine—to neglected old people and foriorn sick peo-ple, to Biddy Maguire, just from the Tommy discovered it first as they drove old country, and "kilt" with homesick- into the yard and raised a shout. All ness, and to Antony Burke, the old the young Bells rushed pell-mell into miser, for whom no one had a civil the apple tree and dropped from its word and who, perhaps, didn't deserve branches into Miss Pigeon's orchard-one. And for every valentine that was even Peggy who was 16—shouting and disregarded or thrown impatiently laughing and crying all together. They naide, a dozen made a little warmth and | quite forgot Miss Pigeon until her harsh voice broke into the whirlwind of greetings; with all its harshness there was

a queer little quaver in it!
"He's come back and he's going to cross-grained disposition you've got to get over it when you're young or you'll have to have more'n a ten-foot fence beback to nursing people in a hospitalcovered herself instantly; "they're easier to straighten than crooked dispositions! I'm going to send one here, and I want her to try it." She nodded toward Christine, and then she turned away suddenly. Little Rufus ran after her-prudently keeping his hand on the bean-slinger in his pocket. (They had discovered at an early stage of the acquaintance that if Miss Pigeon had a reakness it was a terror of the beanslingers.) "Are you really just the same? Didn't a good fairy turn you iuto something else?" he demanded. breathlessly.

Miss Pigeon turned and looked down ipon him, her strong features working. "Yes, she did!" she answered, gruffly.

"Did she tap you with her wand?" pursued little Rufus, eagerly, delighted with this confirmation of beliefs that were scorned in his home circle. "She didn't tap me with a wand," said Miss Pigeon; "she sent me a valentine!"-Sophie Swett, in N. Y. Inde-

HIS FIRST VALENTINE.

pendent.

Although a Second-Hand One, He Was in Blissful Ignorance of the Fact. Eight years of age-and what a glory there was in valentines! We had picked one out. It was ugly green, impossible pinks, and other hues too horrible to imagine. Cupid without clothes stood in a snow bank, shooting darts at a pair of lovers who billed at the same old billboard and never seemed to mind the frigidity of the weather. It cost seven cents, envelope and stamp three cents more. In a crabbed hand it was sent forth upon its delightful mission -and he was at the little rural post office window to see that it did not go amiss. She smiled and blushed when the dainty thing was handed to her. She a miss of seven, with soap curls, and cheeks as red as rosy apples. Could she guess? Not she; she didn't stop to guess or think, but ran shricking home with the cheap affair hugged to her baby breast-a missive worth more than gold or diamonds; her first valeutine. And he who sent it-he gazed after the flying form with a strange celing in his heart. He wanted to tell her all about it. He wanted to tell her that he was the one who sent it; but he was a little man, and he kept the secret to himself, and asked time and again at the post office window if there was nything for him. The others, his choolmates, boys and girls, they found nessages put up in fancy envelopes, all icely stamped and directed; but there

vas none for him. His head was not held upright, and is eyes were not bright when he enered his home. His mother saw that omething was wrong, and she ques-

"I got no valentine. I-I sent one, but-but-I guess she forgot." And he went to prepare for supper.

When he sat down to tea a pretty, fainty valentine was upon his plate. "She didn't forget me, mamma! See, namma!" he cried, with joy.

And mamma joined in with him-but

he did not tell him that she had received that same valentine years before he was born.-H. S. Keller, in Leslie's

Like Those of the Past.

The valentines of to-day are very much like the valentines of the past, for they express the same idea to which Josh Billings referred in his inimitable way: "Luv is the same divine sentiment no matter how yu spel it." It is neither the spelling nor the poetry that captivates the youthful imagination, but the daring expression of affection which can be announced in a valolder ones seemed, in their hearts, to entine, but in no other way. No breach share the feeling of Tom and little Ru- of promise case has ever resulted from the sending of a valentine. Such a proposition as this would never be considered in a court of law, although it may count for much in the court of love:

"My valentine wiit thou be, Accept this heart so true; Pray bestow a thought on me, For I love only you." -Detroit Free Press AN UP-TO-DATE VALENTINE.



She's up to date and away beyond, And many worship at her shrine; She sent an arrow through my heart And claims me as her valentine.

Go tell unto my lady fair That nature whispers everywhere (The birds, the flow'rs, the woods,

All whisper): "Ask the maid to be Thy valentine, this fourt-enth day," So I am making bold this way To say unto my lady sweet My heart and life are at hel feet. Go, dainty card-plead well my case, and read my answer in her face.

## Reno County Rheumatism.

Nervous Disorders in Castleton Kansas

> Physicians—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Work a Cure on Mrs. Ann Z. Detenish in Six Weess

From the Gazette, Hutchinson, Hansde.

From the Gazetts, Hutchinson, Kanada.

"If there is any thing I have entire faith in, in the way of medicine," said Mrs. Ann T. Devenish, of Castleton, Reno County, Kanaga, to a reporter, "it is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"Why! do you sak. Well for seven years I was a wretched sufferer from nervous debility and rheumatism. My wrists were so awollen and my fingers so stiff that I got no sleep at hight. My hips, backbone and shoulder blades were so painful if I moved that I would awake screaming with agony, and a small lump of bone or callous grew on my spine, which was exquisitely painful of course, my heart was badly affected, and the numerous physicians whom I consulted were all of one mind, viz., that my days were numbered, and they could do me no good.

were all of one mind, viz., that my days were numbered, and they could do me no good.

"I could not leave my bed without help, and once lay for thres weeks in one position. I would not have been sorry if death had ended my sufferings. One day about three months ago, someone read to me from the Hutchinson Gasetts an account of a wonderful cure of a patient, whose ills were somewhat similar to mine, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I was struck by what I heard and procured a supply about six weeks ago. I had not got through the first box when I received extraordinary relief. Hope returned and I continued with the pills, every day adding to my store of health. My nerves became tranquil, the rheumatic pains began to leave me, palpitation of the heart ceased and my kidneys and liver grew normal.

"I can tell you of three persons of Castleton to whom I have recommended these pills (all of whom were suffering with heart difficulty):—Mrs. L. Smyth, Mr. John Purcell and Mr. Maher, and they will tell you what Pink Pills did for them, and they also know what they did for me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of is grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in mane or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post palo on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Kirson—"Ah, there is a lovely girl, Miss Lulu. Her face is her fortune." Cateeby— "Um! She must have made an assignment lately."—Philadelphia North American.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Tauax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

ledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, seting directly upon the blood and muccus surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

When a girl wants to say a decollete gown is not becoming to another girl she casually mentions "that her neck is like a hat rack."—Atchison Globe.

Firs stopped free and permanently cared. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free 2 trial bottle & treatise. Dr. KLINE, 933 Arch st., Phila., Pa. "Look here, suh," said Washington Whitewash, "what yo' mean by runnin' in-ter me dat away!" "Go way, black man," repiled Jackson Chickcoop, "I's color-blind, I is."—Philadelphia North American.

Ir may come last, but St. Jacobs Oil is the

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It may sometimes cost you a good deal to lo right, but it will be sure to cost you more THE MARKETS.

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Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Base of remove your desire for tobacc Saves money, makes bealth and manhoo Cure gnaranteed, 80c and \$1.00, all drugglaters.

A. W. McConwick & Sons, Pension Atto neys, whose advertisement appears every other week in this paper, are at Cincinnati, Ohio, and Washington, D. C. They are thor-oughly reliable.

"What a small mindMrs. Venlynne has!"
"Naturally. She has given her husband so
many pieces of it."—Ti-Bits.

We have not been without Plac's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—Lizzis Ferrel, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.

Ten pice things that are said about a dead man fool no one; not even his widow.— Atchison Globe.

Ir stiff and sore, St. Jacobs Oil will cure you. Won't lose a day. The cure is sure. IN WHIST.—"Papa, what is the glad hand?" "Five trumps and a long suit."— Chicago Record.

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An ounce of earnestness is worth more than a pound of rhetoric.

ANY kind of a bruise St. Jacobs Oil will bure at any time, no matter how bad. "Can you read French!" "Er-not aloud."
-Cincinnati Enquirer.

ofin & Rillen

TALMAGE

In one of his wonderful sermons very truthfully said, "My brother, your trouble is not with the heart; it is a gastric disorder or a rebellious liver. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but blie that not only yellows your eyeballs and furs your tongue and makes your head ache but swoops upon your soul in dejection and forebodings,"—and

Talmage is right! All this trouble can be removed ! You can be cured!

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We can give you incontrovertible proof from men and women, former ufferers, But to-day well,

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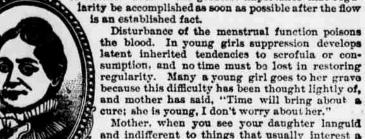
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## One of Mrs. Pinkham's Talks

Concerning a Mother's Duty to Her Young Daughter. Together with a Chat with Miss Marie Johnson.

The balance wheel of a woman's life is menstruation. On the proper perrmance of this function depends her health.

Irregularity lays the foundation of many diseases, and is in itself symptom of disease. It is of the greatest importance that regu-larity be accomplished as soon as possible after the flow is an established fact.



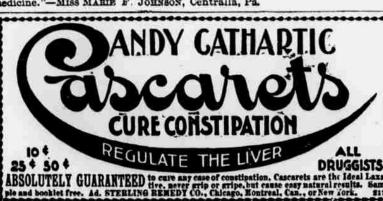
cure; she is young, I don't worry about her." Mother, when you see your daughter languid and indifferent to things that usually interest a young girl, when you note that flush on her cheek, daughter tells you that even the weight of her that glassy appearance in her eyes; when your dress waist oppresses her, and that she has terrible pains in her stomach shortly after eating, don't ignore these signs! If you do, you will be follow-

ing your daughter to the grave, for she will die! This is gospel truth-she is developing consumption of the bowels!

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the greatest regulator known to medicine. Make haste to use it on the first appearance of the tell-tale symptoms; it will restore all the female organs to their normal condition. Miss Marie Johnson's letter to Mrs. Pinkham, which follows, should inter-

est all mothers and young ladies. She says: "My health became so poor that I had to leave school. I was tired all the time, and had dreadful pains in my side and back. I would have the headache so badly that everything would appear black before my eyes, and I could not go on with my I was also troubled with irregularity of menses. I was very weak, and lost so much flesh that my friends became alarmed. My mother, who is a firm believer in your remedies from experience, thought perhaps they might benefit me, ! and wrote you for advice. I followed the advice you gave, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as now as well as I ever was. I have gained flesh

and have a good color. I am completely cured of irregularity. Words cannot express my gratitude, and I cannot thank you enough for your kind advice and medicine."-MISS MARIE F. JOHNSON, Centralia, Pa.



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